By
FRANK RICHARDS HALL
CHARLES BECKHAM MURPHY

With best wishes,

Charles B. Murphy

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Dedicated
to the memory of
Thomas Francis Moran

BJ MAUNDERS

Monsoons

—prevailing winds

by

Frank Richards Hall

and

Charles Beckman Murphy

Foreword
by
Meredith Nicholson

Frontispiece
by
Ruth Thomson-Saunders

Cover design
by
Fred Hatfield

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"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"
—Morton

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Preface

"Who shames a scribbler?"
—Pope

In these days of corporal and corporate interscholastic competition there is always the question of eligibility. The two writers herein involved hasten to assure their readers that they have never done anything in the field of letters to damage their amateur standing. We simply offer this little volume out of respect to one, friendship to many, good will to all, and with Ed Howe "can only hope it will meet with the charity it deserves."

F. R. H.
C. B. M.

Purdue University
December first, 1930

A Word to the Hesitating Purchaser

Where art thou gone, light-ankled Youth,
With wing at either shoulder?—

So sang Landor, who kept the spirit of youth far into old age and when quite old, as Lowell reports, threw a troublesome cook out of his window and then was indignant because the man crashed into the poet's pet tulip bed.

Much has been written about the depravity of youth in these clanging times, and yet the young people of America seem to be forging ahead, taking life seriously enough, enjoying themselves, pegging away at the arts, doing innumerable things quite as effectively as their grandparents did. The following pages are touched with the new spirit manifest in our literature. They show, both in prose and in verse, keen observation, a rare gift of compression and an admirable sense of value and form. Such a book as this is pleasant to have about and to chum with. One does not exhaust the several items at a single reading. They tease the memory until one must return to them.

The literary experiments of Hoosier folk now cover nearly a hundred years. It has happened that Indiana's many writers have reflected changing styles and methods in a manner to make them valuable as contributors to social and cultural history. The two authors represented in this book speak for the new tendencies in American literature. They may be a trifle tart at times, but literature, we must remember, is not all an affair of sugar and syrup. The verse is not of the sort detested by Whitman —not "poems distilled from poems," but fresh, live stuff. The prose is clear-flowing, with pleasant musical ripples. These young gentlemen are not only endowed with seeing eyes but they manifest grace and charm in recording their observations. I cheerfully commend their work to all who admire a thing well said; who are not averse to doing a little thinking with their reading and who find it pleasant to encounter those felicities of phrase—those happy surprises, that are the joy of all profitable reading.

—Meredith Nicholson.

New Delusions for Old

"Time eateth away at
Many an old delusion,"
So says Robert Bridges
In his mystical
Testiment of Beauty.
Perhaps so. But—
Time also supplies an
Ever-continuing resource
Of new illusions,
Prejudices, bigotries,
Taboos and superstitions
To replace the old.
The Psalmist still cries:
"Why do the people
Imagine a vain thing?"

Joseph Conrad

Words that ripple and
Foam along the surf in
An East Indian dawn.

Words that steam
Across a placid sea
Into a tropic sunset.

Words that sizzle
And shimmer in
Equatorial heat.

Words that freeze
In the rigging
'Midst Antarctic floes.

Words that hang
Like lead in
Deadly jungle calm.

Words that cause
The world to whirl
Giddily in typhoon.

Words that tear
The soul apart—
That's Conrad!

Hoosiers in Paris

"Now you give me five dollars, or I'll scream," she hissed.

At first my mind refused to function. I couldn't believe what I had heard. My only reaction was to stare at her in bewilderment.

It had all come about so naturally, and so unexpectedly, that I was totally unprepared for this blow. I felt like an innocent child who was being spanked for something he couldn't quite grasp. It was Clark's fault. Why did he always insist on striking up an acquaintance with strangers? That fool Frenchman was bad enough, but to mix in that other affair was the peak of folly.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. The truth is that we, Clark and I, were in Paris for the first time, and we had started out in his car to see the show places of the city. During the course of the evening we (I say "we" although it was really Clark) had acquired a Frenchman by the name of Pierre d'Hincourt. He was, in fact, a pleasant addition to our party. Fat, well-dressed, bemonocled, and jovial, he proved invaluable as our guide. Everything would have been all right if he had not insisted that we go to just "one more place" after we left that cafe on the Boulevard des Capucines. We felt grateful to him for having shown us many pleasant places, so we permitted him to conduct us to a little cabaret on the Rue Blondel.

This particular place was like so many of those little cabarets which one finds scattered about Paris. It was hot, stuffy, and low-ceilinged. The walls were covered with gaudy and fantastic pictures which represented some sophomoric art student's conception of modernism. In one corner a three-piece orchestra was attempting to play an American jazz song, while the dancers were going through various forms of eroticism on the floor in the center of the room. Men and women were seated at the fifteen or twenty tables which surrounded the space alloted for dancing, and a more uninviting looking group of people never graced a cabaret. Raucous laughter mingled with guttural grunts, clinking glasses, and clanging dishes. We were hesitating at the door when a bleary-eyed waiter, whose chief claim to distinction seemed to be a greasy apron, approached us. He eyed us a moment, then with a commanding motion, directed us to a table in the corner by the orchestra.

The crowd was not attractive. Most of the men appeared to be imitation blades. One felt as though he had stumbled into a convention of head-waiters, floor-walkers, and hotel clerks. The women were even more unpleasant as social companions. They exuded cheapness. Paint, artificial stimulation, and flamboyant clothes failed to cover the faded listlessness which lurked beneath the surface of their unconvincing smiles. To be sure, there were some exceptions, but not many. One good thing, thought I, there are no tourists in the crowd.

The dancing ceased shortly after we had taken our seats, and a specialty number was offered for the entertainment of the guests. It was a revolting spectacle. One of those wild, whirling, lascivious dances in which a white wench and a negro buck are the participants. She was a peroxide blonde with a voluptuous figure and leering eyes. The negro was one of those ebony black, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, near-savages which one sees in the remote parts of the South.

I soon sickened of the dance, and began a closer scrutiny of my neighbors. The couple at the next table were also ignoring the dance. It was the first time I had noticed them, and I was surprised to discover that they were speaking English. How they had escaped my notice is beyond explanation because they were certainly a decided contrast to everybody else in the vicinity. Both of them looked quite respectable, and I judged them to be travellers like ourselves. The young man appeared to be about twenty-five years old, and had the air of a rather self-assertive son of the rich. The girl seemed to be about the same age, and was tastily clothed. My thoughts were rudely disturbed by an argument which Clark had started with d'Hincourt.

Clark is one of those half-baked intellectuals who feels he must be radical. I suppose it is the proper pose for a young member of the intelligentsia, but it isn't becoming to Clark, and I believe he almost suspects his own sincerity at times. At this particular moment, however, he was desperately sincere. He was launched on an argument to convince d'Hincourt that socialism was the only hope for the future. D'Hincourt demurred. It seemed that he was a member of the old Bourbon aristocracy, and that he regarded both socialism and republicanism as philosophies which had been developed under the guiding hand of the devil. I had been wanting to get out of the place for the

last ten minutes, but I couldn't break into the argument long enough to get a hearing. Had I succeeded, I would have been materially richer in the morning, but poorer in emotional experience. It is on such small matters that our destiny is frequently shaped.

They would probably have argued until breakfast time (Clark never misses a meal) had it not been for an interruption which was to change the course of our plans. Our English-speaking friends were in difficulties. All three of the waiters in the place were at the next table gesticulating excitedly, and fairly screaming at the young man. He was yelling back at them as loud as he could, but it was a one-sided contest. The French are the world's champion noise makers, and with the odds three-to-one it was developing into a riot when the English-speaking lad stood up and began to hammer the table belligerently with his fists. I still think things would have ended peaceably if somebody hadn't shoved one of the waiters into the boy. The League of Nations would have been helpless to avert a conflict after that overt act. The *casus belli* had been given, and in less time than it takes to secure bail for a Chicago gangster we were confronted by a grand melee. The young man and one of the waiters were rolling around on the floor, the other two waiters were alternately kicking and pulling at the two figures on the floor, and all the men in the cabaret were trying to get as near as possible to the excitement. The women helped matters by screaming. While Clark was attempting to assist the English-speaking lad I managed to get his girl, and rushed with her toward the door. If anyone could have been looking into the cabaret from the outside it must have presented a ridiculous scene. D'Hincourt was particularly absurd as he stood on a wabbly table yelling frantically in disjointed phrases of French and English. One really couldn't tell whether he was trying to quell the riot, or whether he was attempting to encourage the combatants. I didn't care to find out. My objective was the door. I wished to get the girl (and incidentally myself) out of the war zone before the arrival of the French shock troops.

I failed in my objective. As we reached the door we were shoved aside by two Parisian policemen. We couldn't leave now. There was nothing to do, but to wait and see what happened. I was a welter of conflicting emotions; bewilderment, fear, annoyance, anger and mirth fought for

mastery. The young lady seemed to be the only calm person in Paris. She explained, quite composedly, that they had been over-charged; had in fact, been asked to pay a greater sum of money than they had with them. She went on to explain that they were Americans from New Jersey, and that the boy had been drinking too much—hence his unfortunate behavior.

In a short time the police restored order, but the New Jersey boy was adamant. He would not pay the exorbitant bill. Since he was to be taken to a magistrate at some outlandish place it was agreed that Clark and d'Hincourt would accompany him, and that I should drive the young lady home in Clark's car.

I was in the best of spirits. We were safely out of what might have been a rather nasty mess, and besides that I was the one who had come off with the prize beauty of the evening. She had demonstrated her mettle, and I was proud of her. The only difficulty was that she seemed strangely unresponsive to my enthusiasm. After all, I thought, we are fellow Americans who have just emerged rather well from an encounter with the French. It was at this juncture that she made her quiet remark about the five dollars.

It was overwhelming! It was unbelievable! No, there she sat with that studied sneer on her siren's face. What should I do? If she screamed, curious people and those unsympathetic Parisian police, would immediately appear. She would then, in all probability, concoct some vivid story of obscene actions, and even more obscene proposals on my part. What chance would I have? None! There was no telling what might happen! I knew nothing of the laws of France; I had no friends there, and I might even have to spend a year in jail. It is really remarkable how quickly one reaches a decision in such a case. It certainly didn't take me long to hand over the five dollars, let the woman out, and drive to my hotel on the Rue Caumartin.

Shortly after I reached my room I was startled by the arrival of Clark, d'Hincourt, and the boy from New Jersey. With great effort, I managed to restrain myself while they told me how the magistrate had let them off with a mild lecture after they had paid the questionable bill. Then my indignation let forth a torrent of denunciation. Where was the girl? What about my five dollars? That certainly is a fine way to repay kindness! Both of my fel-

low Americans responded to my tirade with uncontrolled mirth.

"Oh, hell," chuckled the New Jerseyite, "I never saw the girl before this evening. I picked her up in the Cafe de la Paix. We were wondering how you got along with her."

With a feeble attempt at humor, I replied, "At any rate, she is a good judge of pocket-books. If she had asked for ten dollars I'd have been forced to tell her to scream."

"Well, why didn't you do that anyway," clucked Clark.

To such questions there is no answer. One simply suffers in silence.

Fraus Pia

The word *propaganda*
Has taken on a
Deservedly unsavory
Connotation, due to
Its use and misuse
In time of war.
But, really, the
Process of propagandizing
In time of peace is
Infinitely more insidious.
The most invidious
Pressure is continually
Put upon us to
Make us air-minded,
To keep business "good,"
To assure us that America
Is not imperialistic,
To insist that
We won the war,
That the majority
Is infallible,
That the rights of
Private property are
Of divine ordination—
A damning and damnable
Reflection upon
The common intelligence.
What are we trying to do,
Establish a regency
For the mentality
Of the American people?
Falstaff exclaimed
In dismay and disgust:
Lord, Lord, how this
World is given to lying!

Seventy Five Years

Today I stood on the corner
Of the campus of Eureka College
And gazed far above the
Venerable, ivied buildings.
The blue sky was filled
With moving, feathery clouds.
As I stared, there seemed
To form in the flaky mass
A procession of mammoth figures.
Rolling up from the south
And east I beheld gigantic
Characters out of the bygones—
Rumbling, jerking conestoga wagons,
Scouts, rifles, tepees, bison,
A rocking, reeling stage coach,
Ambling oxen, lathering horses.
New England, Virginia, Kentucky,
Illinois, Woodford, Walnut Grove.
A vast streak of gray arose from
The stack of a rattling engine.
Pleas of Lincoln, McKinley, Wilson,
Rallying youths and men.
Ghosts, silently and steadily, on!
Flails, reapers, phaetons, bicycles,
Plows, cars, trucks, tractors,
Monoplane, neutrodyne, television.
Through it all, marching stoutly,
Eureka men keeping pace,
Discernible and discerning.
Majors, Lindseys, Fishers,
Darsts, Radfords, Dickinsons,
Massive clouds, phantoms, shades,
Spectres of Eureka men, going on!
They strode along in heavy boots,
Fringed jerkins, Union blue,
Black alpaca, buttoned broadcloth,
Worsteds, tweeds and jerseys.
Heads erect, eyes hard to west,
Eureka men, huge, invincible
Against slavery, liquor, heresy, sin,
Going forth to teach and preach

To all the nations.
Eureka men abreast the times!
Clouds still rose in their wake,
In cities, states and isles,
Dust from China roads,
Afric shores, Indian sands,
Tibetan snows, the spray
Of many seas and oceans.
Still keeping pace, Eureka men!
An outpost of inspiration
To the years, the decades
And the centuries.
A link in the chain
Of eternity, a vital element
In the evolution of infinity.
Ezekiel said: "And their
Appearance and their works
Was as it were a wheel
In the middle of a wheel."

Midnight

The philosopher
Is an old farmer
Fumbling in the
Dark for a match
To light his grimy
Lantern in order to
Discover the cause
Of the disturbance
In the chicken house
Of Life . . . .

To a Flood-lighted Tower

A gleaming shaft reaches
Upward toward a star,
Trying to stab the dark.
Rib and bar
Of stone and steel
The blackness mar,
At night.

A frozen fountain,
Softly glowing,
A silent whiteness
Steadily showing
Against the black;
A challenge throwing
To the sky.

The mellow beam,
A moonlit waterfall
Stopped in its course,
A lurid pall
Casts o'er the dusk;
Enshrouding all
In light.

Raw Material

Ben Moore, Frank Jeanpert,
Isaac Beckleheimer, Ed Engel,
Doc Page, Nobe Litchenberger,
Dave Burton, John Anthony,
Pete Lowe, Jake Fleming,
Bob Hamilton, Rodney Smith—
The straw with which
The bricks of our
Middle-western, middle-class
Civilization are made.
The warp of our
Common, late-Victorian,
Bourgeois society.
They are among
My youngest impressions,
My oldest memories,
And I respect them.
Hewers of wood and
Drawers of water,
Perhaps, but I am
Reminded of the closing
Lines of Middlemarch—

> " . . . for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs."

Mr. Average American Says:

"The Majority! In its
Intercourse with minorities
May it always be in the right;
But the Majority, right or wrong!"

—with proper obeisance to Stephen Decatur.

Serfdom

Out of every age
Come monuments
Dedicated to slavery.
The pyramids of Egypt,
The temples of Israel
And of the Orient,
The ruins of Greece
And of Rome,
The cathedrals
Of Gaul and Britain.

In America—
The skyscraper,
The mine,
The rolling mill,
The sweat shop,
The penitentiary.
Bondmen of
Every epoch
Are simply
Victims of System.

"The voice said, Cry!
And he said,
What shall I cry?
All flesh is grass."

Post Mortem

My friend Thatcher
Is a journalist.
He also has
Certain convictions
Regarding death.
He anticipates death
As just another
Interesting experience,
Speculative and
Indeterminable, like the
Kentucky Derby,
Indianapolis Races,
Or World Series—
A sporting proposition!
He does not have
The well defined
Ideas of after-life
That his grandmother
Had—golden streets,
Pearly gates and harps.
To him death is
Known, yet unknowable.

Magnolia

My boyhood years
Were so crowded
With happy days and hours
For which I can never repay
That I feel bankrupt, indeed.

Not the least among
The contributors to a
Delightful childhood
Was the little, drowsy,
Shady village of Magnolia.

Practically deserted now,
The victim of post-war
Circumstances against which
It is utterly helpless.
A reverent reminiscence.

There wealth has decayed,
But men have not.
Stores closed, windows broken
And boarded, houses empty,
Streets in grass, gardens bare.

Its shroud is a tradition of
Rural simplicity and sincerity.
I walk rememberingly there,
Treading hallowed ground,
Rejoicing and regretting.

I am glad it is dying
So peacefully and respectably,
Rather than becoming
Ensnared in the coils of
Our laocoon industrialism.

Its body has deteriorated
But its soul survives,
A mellow memory.
I acknowledge my debt,
I pay my tribute.

Brine

Tom Buchanon leaned over the railing, and stared down into the deep, blue water. He was in a pensive mood. It was funny the way a person always felt sad at dusk when he was far out on the ocean, thought Tom. That is, he felt sad if he were alone way up on the forward deck just watching the endless calm of the blue water, and the quiet blue sky, with the reddish sun sinking slowly from sight off there in the water ahead. Not the ripple of a wave, not the stir of a breeze—only a great calmness. Even the sky was cloudless. Oh, well, tomorrow it would be hot as the devil because by then they'd be in the Gulf Stream. That would put a stop to those infernal tourists with their incessant dancing up there in the ballroom. Those damn fools couldn't understand why he liked to be alone with the ocean. Most of them couldn't understand anything about the ocean; they couldn't even read the ship's log. The worst of it was they would all go back home and talk like they'd had all the experiences of the Flying Dutchman and Joseph Conrad rolled into one ocean trip. But that wasn't his worry. If they couldn't feel the spiritual pull of that enormous personality which seemed too great to even think about that was their loss. That was it—the ocean wasn't something which you thought about—you just felt it. You lost yourself in it. Your sense of individuality faded, and you merged with that great nothingness. Sometimes you were rudely startled, and you felt like jumping out into that spray which leaped up from the bow of the boat only to sink back into the blue water; first as a milky white foam, then as a swirling, greenish-white whirlpool. Wonder why you didn't jump? Some people probably did.

Sometimes, though, you felt that the ocean was tender and consoling, it seemed that way now. It was so calm, so cool, and so peaceful. Yet it was so big, so impenetrable, so mysterious when it was calm. Damn it all! Why wasn't it blowing, and raging, and throwing great white-capped waves up over the deck—if the wind were only roaring, and the water lashing the boat, he'd have something tangible to worry about. He must go have a whiskey and soda; he'd been looking at the water too long, and it was getting on his nerves. Funny the way those sailors could stand and stare out at the water for hours

at a time. He couldn't do that. It didn't have that much of a hold on him yet. Just the same it was hard to leave. There! What was that over there? It looked like a whale. No? Well, anyway, it was too far away to see what it was. And it was getting dark. He really must go in. Better move around to the port side though first, and see if he could see the Berengaria. Her lights ought to be visible soon since they were due to pass her about this time in the evening.

He was glad he had gone over on the Berengaria because he liked the contrast between that immense boat and this little one on which he was returning. Contrasts always seemed to attract him. Was that true of everybody, or was that peculiar to him? He felt very immature because he was himself such a bundle of perfect contrasts. Why had he never developed a consistent philosophy? His views of life were always changing, and were a conglomeration of inconsistencies. Was that really weakness, or just youth? Perhaps it was neither—perhaps it was only the healthy working of an active mind. His mind couldn't be so terribly active, though. He was lazy. He would have to admit that to himself. He couldn't seem to force himself to do anything. Take, for example, that resolution he made a short time ago to be careful about always using correct and expressive English. He had always been careless in his habits of speech, but now that he had literary ambitions he knew he should always strive to improve his methods of expression. And what was the result? A ghastly combination of boyish expressions, collegiate slang, and office jargon mixed with a few bookish phrases. Hang it all, he didn't even *think* in rich, round sentences. It was all rather jerky and awkward. He'd feel hopeless if it hadn't been that he'd seen that manuscript of Thackeray's. It was the first draft of a great novel, and it certainly was a clumsy collection of colloquial expressions. If Thackeray was that poor on a first draft there was some hope for little Tom Buchanon. Here his mind was wandering aimlessly again; he really must be going along.

No, he wouldn't move just yet; he'd wait until he heard the orchestra playing up in the ballroom. If he moved now he might run onto that silly little girl from Chicago, then he would be in for it. He would have to dance with her all evening. Why was he so helpless in the hands of a girl? Other men didn't seem to be. Yet, whenever he was with a girl she just seemed to make all the plans, and

he found himself fitting into them as if he'd been made for them. By George, that girl with the blue eyes and black hair from Boston was a dandy! He would like to have a date with her, but there was no chance. About a dozen men always flitting about her like moths around a flame, and then she was one of those girls who always wanted to be making Whoopee. She would never enjoy a quiet stroll around the deck, or a quiet hour sitting in deck chairs discussing books. He might talk to her about his adventures, though. He'd been all around the world, and most girls liked to hear him tell some of his experiences. Trouble was, she'd probably turn out to be one of those kind who wouldn't believe him. She would think he was making a lot of it up. A lot of the girls discounted half of what a fellow said. They seemed to think it was his "line". Well, he didn't have a "line", and he felt like telling all the damned women so the first time he met them. A good many fellows did have a "line", though. That was why the girls seemed to expect it. They should be able to tell the difference if their highly touted feminine instinct was working worth a tinker's damn. That whole business about a "line" was a sad reflection on both men and women.

Gee! It was going to ge a peach of a night. The moon was out in full glory, and there were a million stars visible. The music started to play, and Tom stretched in preparation for a jaunt around to the port side. He had taken about two steps when a feminine voice halted him with:

"There you are, Tom Buchanon. I've been looking all over for you. We'll have to hurry because Babe and Jack are waiting for us to play bridge with them."

"All right," said Tom, "I'm coming."

It was the girl from Chicago.

Tom Tinker

Yes—
Both of my sons
Started out in life
By forming partnerships
With Tom Tinker.
I can only hope
For them that in
Their later associations
They may ally themselves
With characters as
Genial, well-rounded,
Substantial, reliable,
Colorful and cooperative
As he!

Attainment

My friend Vaughn is
A sculptor gone astray
Among lawyers.
Law is his vocation,
Art is his avocation.
His head is in law,
His heart is in art.
His friends encourage him,
The critics discourage him.
But he insists that
He is a success in art
For this reason:
He does not
Prostitute his talent.
He chisels purely
For his own enjoyment.
Inasmuch as he
Is happy in it,
He is successful.
Q. E. D.

Chas. Wood

When Charley Wood
Entered college
His father gave him
One piece of advice,
Good for college
And for life—
"Son, keep yer
Bowels open an'
Yer mouth shut."

Au Destin!

What is this strange,
Unseen, resistless Force
That leans the
Trees to eastward,
That bends the
Worker o'er his lathe,
That inclines the
Horse along the furrow,
That impels the river
Foreflowing to the sea,
That drives the pioneer
Into the setting sun,
That causes cities
To rise, and
Empires to fall?

Destiny! Destiny!!

The Parrish Brothers

Lanky Tom Parrish
Had two lankier sons.
The whole of the
Difference between
These two boys was
Revealed in their
Common expressions—
George: "It finally
Dawned upon me."
John: "It suddenly
Flashed upon me!"

Epic

Years agone there came
Out of the timbered hills
Of old Kentucky a stalwart
Figure who established a
Household in our community.
He and his sons, even
Unto the fourth generation,
Have lived under a strict
Carvelesque code of
Dignity, honor and duty.
They joined the mumbling
Voices of the congregation
Of frontier crusaders:
"Our Father who art in Heaven."
They assisted their friends
In husking bees, log rollings,
Barn raisings and festivals.
Their devout women ushered
New members of the
Settlement into the world,
Aided stricken neighbors,
And closed the eyes of
Their fellows in death.
Through wars, panics,
Plagues, drouths, they
Weathered the tempests.
Through fat years, harvests,
Revivals, reunions, content,
They rejoiced, tithed and
Gave thanks unto their Lord.
They plowed and prayed,
Hewed, wrestled, jumped, joked,
Vigilantly forded swollen
Streams to the church,
And to the polls.
Meanwhile, the Hebraic
Patriarchal tradition passed
On from father to son.
Learning was not neglected.
Greek, Latin, the church
Fathers, Victorian classics,
History, philosophy, science,

Were approached in the
Same belligerent manner
As were the furrows,
Trees and post holes.
Sermons and editorials,
Tracts and lectures
Followed in their wake.
Political, religious and
Moral obstacles gave way
Before their intellectual
Onslaughts as did
The stubborn prairie sod
Under their driven
Shares and shovels.
Neither were the arts
Submerged by Puritan
Orthodoxy, poetry and
Music following apace.
In the meantime,
Vigor of industry,
Versatility of interest,
Were not relinquished.
And reflected against
This stern background is
One whom we respect
Today, not only as a
Personality, but as an
Institution, in our midst.
He stands in the
Gathering dusk of
The afterglow of life.
But he stands erect,
With chiseled, grizzled
Face determinedly facing
The west of a New Day,
Even as did his
Forefathers when they
Watched the purple
Of the Indiana bluffs
Lengthen across the
Rolling Ohio at
Their twilight crossing.
The past is filtering
Through the present
Into the future,

And the passing of
This pioneer family
Has given to us,
And to the world,
A grim character of
Heroic proportions,
Statuesque, Lincolnesque—
Benjamin Johnson Radford.
Seest thou a man
Diligent in his business?
(In this case—the
Business of *living*)
He shall stand before kings!

"Doc" Owen

Atheism and immortality
Are not necessarily
Contradictory.
One can conceive
Of a future
Without God
As easily as
One can contemplate
A Godless present,
A Godless past.

Political Note

Republican primaries
For local offices
Were held yesterday.
There must be
That same hard,
Successful satisfaction
To be derived from
Winning one of
These minor places
That one gets from
Spitting on the floor!

The Heritage of Edward L. Major

Most of my boyhood memories
Are reflected on a stage
Of yellow prairie running
Westward to a backset of
Purple, timbered slopes,
With a drop of flaming sunset.
The wings are the open valley
Entering at the north,
Leaving by the south.
The old pantomime of
Bison, Indian and ranger
Has been replaced by
Furrow, plow and tractor.
But the atmosphere of the play
Remains largely unchanged—
Pioneer spirit of perseverance!
My forefathers crossed
Geographical frontiers,
My generation is crossing
Industrial frontiers.
This dramatic tradition seems to
Be an inheritable characteristic.
Yet, Prospero forewarns us:
" . . . . all which it inherit,
Shall dissolve; and like this
Insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

Not for Publication

"My name is Sarah Reed, I am twenty-eight years old, I reside at 508½ East LaGrange Street, Indianapolis, Indiana, and I am the landlady at that place." The girl in the witness chair hurried through the court formula in a low, even voice. It was a voice of unusual beauty. The tones were sweet, clear, and musical, and would have attracted attention for their richness among any group of people, except among the attaches of an American police court. They seem impervious to any charm less subtle than that of red hair, or at least, of silk stockings.

Aside from her voice, Sarah did not, in fact, possess any marked qualities which would be apt to attract men. She was slender, although too tall, and an upturned nose, together with a mouth which easily puckered into a pout, gave her a saucy appearance. The impression which the young woman was making on Judge Baker was not discernable in his attitude as he asked, "Married or single?"

"Single," replied the girl.

"What's your occupation?" sneered the young man who was leaning against the judicial bench.

"I said that I was the landlady at 508½ East LaGrange Street," answered the girl in a manner which just escaped being impudent.

The young man thus addressed was the assistant prosecutor, in charge of the case, and his supercilious irritability increased a shade as he asked, "You plead guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," responded the girl's lawyer, who stood beside her, as he turned toward the judge.

Judge Baker was in reality in an amiable mood. It had been an easy morning—three bootleg cases, a nigger cutting scrape, a few speed law violators, and one assault and battery case. He would be on the golf links early this afternoon, and show Doc Fletcher how golf was played! He leaned back in his swivel chair, yawned, and looked at the girl in the witness stand.

She was not the type ordinarily found in a police court. Her tailored dark-green dress, jet beads, imported green hat, and trim street shoes suggested more taste than is usually found among the patrons of Judge Baker's morning levees. She moved about uneasily in the witness chair, and seemed intent on buttoning and unbuttoning one of

her gloves. After a time she raised her head, and her black eyes shone with defiance as she met the stares of the spectators. There was an eagerness and an expectancy in her manner as she glanced about the courtroom. She seemed to be looking for a sign of encouragement from somebody. She glanced momentarily at the judge, and then her gaze swept on to the matron who was seated near a door which led to the jail for women, then over to the bailiff who was rolling a small cud of tobacco under his tongue, and without so much as hesitating on that individual, continued around the room until it rested on a young man who was standing on the steps at the side of the judge's bench.

The young man's eyes met hers for a minute, and then dropped down to a pad of paper which was resting on the rail in front of him. He was Jim Hooker, thirty years old, tall, big boned, stern featured and steady eyed. For nine years he had been police reporter on the *Sun*, and as an old-timer at the game he usually found himself bored at the affairs in Municipal Court, but on this particular morning he was nervously attentive. He drew a series of meaningless circles on the pad, while a policeman snapped out the answers to some preliminary questions.

Following the testimony of the police officer, the defensive lawyer began the important proceedings in the trial when he arose and said:

"Your honor, I must point out to the prosecutor that in order to convict a woman of prostitution in the State of Indiana it is necessary to show one of three things. Either it must be shown that the person in question associates with women whose reputation for chastity is bad (and I need not remind my friend, the prosecutor, that reputation is what the neighbors say about one), or it must be shown that the person in question is known to reside in a house of ill-fame. Again I suppose it is unnecessary to remind Mr. Shorenson, the learned prosecutor, that the legal definition of a house of ill-fame is one at which a previous conviction for prostitution has been obtained. And, lastly, if neither of the above conditions can be substantiated, it is necessary to show that the defendant has engaged in intercourse for money."

The prosecutor was not paying any attention to the remarks of the able gentleman who represented the defense. Mr. Shorenson was, in fact, engaged in whispering into the ample ear of Officer Dave Healy the following instruction:

"Go down to the press room and pry Tom Hayes loose

from his rum game—tell him to get up here to court in a hurry because I'm going to need him. And say, Dave, if he isn't in the press room, find out where he is, and get him over here. I've got a clear case, and damned if I'm going to let it fall through even if there is a conspiracy against me."

Officer Healy departed on his errand, and the prosecutor leaned back with the air of a man who has just cried "check-mate". He knew there was something beneath the surface in this apparently simple case, and that was why he intended to leave no stone unturned. He didn't like the testimony which that first policeman had given. It wasn't worth anything, and that copper could have presented some incriminating evidence. He would have, by George, but he had been fixed. Very well, if they thought they could throw a wrench into the State's case when he was in charge of it they were mistaken. He'd spring a surprise, and bring a reporter in to testify. It wasn't usual, but Hayes had been on the raid, and Hayes was a friend of his so he'd get some testimony which would be of value.

Before the lawyer for the defense had finished his remarks, Officer Healy was back with the news that Hayes had left the night before to spend his vacation in Milwaukee.

"Yep," said Officer Healy, "The bhoys in the press room told me that Hayes is up there visitin' his gurl."

"Hell!" ejaculated Shorenson, "That means I'll have to use Hooker, and I never did like that egotistical ass. He's especially bad since he passed his bar exam the other day. He thinks because he's connected with a paper, and got a lot of friends around town, that he'll make a good lawyer."

Hayes, five years younger than Jim Hooker, was Hooker's co-reporter on the *Sun*. They both covered the Indianapolis Central Police Station and the two municipal courts which were in the same building. They had worked together on many a difficult story, and during three years of association a warm friendship had developed between them. Both were loyal to their jobs, and both had led strenuous lives. During slack periods they spent many pleasant hours in sympathetic discussion of literature, politics, and life in general. Their natural congeniality was increased through an exchange of ideas, and the cultivation of the same authors. Tom introduced Jim to whatever

joys are to be found in reading Richard Henry Dana, Kipling, and P. G. Wodehouse, while Jim was responsible for Tom's adventures with O. Henry, A. Hamilton Gibbs, and John Stuart Mill.

At the moment when Officer Healy was reporting to Shorenson about the whereabouts of Tom Hayes, the individual in question was seated on a davenport in the living room of a tidy bungalow. The bungalow happened to be in Milwaukee, and it belonged to Mr. and Mrs. August Hofen, but it didn't make any difference to Tom where it was located, or to whom it belonged. The point which mattered to him was, that the person next to him on the davenport was a chic little girl with big blue eyes and blonde hair, who made life enjoyable whenever she was in the same room with him.

She was an intelligent young woman, and she was satisfield with her fiance. She didn't want to lose Tom, and she knew the best way to hold him was to show an active interest in his affairs. Not that she wasn't really interested in them—she was, but aside from her real interest was a desire to show him she really cared about his little problems. Then, too, she liked to stimulate him into relating events, because she loved Tom most when he was rambling along on one of his interminable conversations. It must have been that which prompted her to say to Tom:

"Tell me about everything in Indianapolis. I mean about your work, and Jim, and all. There must have been a lot of exciting things happen since I last saw you."

Tom Hayes looked affectionately at the girl a moment, and then said:

"Well, dear, you are a sympathetic and understanding little sweetheart and I'm going to tell you about one of the strangest things I've ever seen happen.

"You know Jim Hooker is a weird bird in some ways. I am as good a friend as he has on earth, and I never know what sort of an attitude he'll turn up with. He has fought his way from the bottom, and I shouldn't be surprised to see him Chief Justice of the United States before he dies, but the hard fight he's had all through life has certainly left him warped in some peculiar ways. He is a thorough individualist, and he doesn't give a tinker's damn for what all the world thinks of him, or his ideas. For instance, his attitude about water. He will not drink water alone. He'll drink ice tea, or lemonade, or anything else, but he

says he can't stand the taste of pure water. Then you remember the time we tried to get him to go to the picture show with us, and he simply wouldn't do it? Well, he's never been to a picture show in his life, and I doubt if he ever will go—he says it's a waste of time. Another one of his peculiar notions is that no man ever made a lot of money and did it honestly. I think he honestly believes that any man who gets cheated in fake stocks or anything like that deserves what he gets, because if he hadn't been trying to make an unfair profit he wouldn't have invested in anything promising big returns. After I'd known Jim awhile, I thought I could never be surprised at anything he did, and just the other day he burst forth, and did something from which I haven't recovered yet.

"Jim and I were sitting up in the press room at the police station one afternoon when the emergency gong sounded, and we rushed downstairs in time to clamber into the emergency car. It was past the deadline (that's the last minute at which a story can be put into the paper before it goes to press) so both Jim and I went. Ordinarily, only one of us go with the emergency car—the other stays around the building in case a story breaks there. Lieutenant Rafferty was in charge of the car, and we asked him what was up. He's one of those wise crackers who never replies directly to any question regardless of whether it's an intelligent one or not, and he said: 'We're on our way out to LaGrange Street to entertain a couple of girls who live in the five hundred block.' Jim growled at Rafferty, 'there'll be about as much news in this run as there is in a nigger getting a shoe shine. Why the Hell didn't you tell us you were just going out on a little routine work that the patrol wagon or the squad car should have done?' Rafferty flared up a little then, and said: 'I didn't send you guys no invitations, you know. You just piled into the car like you thought we was goin' out to stop a stampede of elephants on Washington Street. I thought you just came along for the ride.'

"The siren wasn't sounding, and we purred along almost noiselessly through the streets of the near east side. La Grange Street is in the center of a section of town which is about a half mile square and which is known as a tough neighborhood. It's an old part of the city where the streets are narrow, crooked, and out of repair. The grass plots along the sidewalks have ceased to be anything but hard dirt with a generous collection of waste paper, dis-

carded bananas, and children's playthings littering up the bare spaces. The few houses which remain were painted long ago in either a dull brown or a dull grey, and even that is peeling off. The old board fences are unrepaired, and a general atmosphere of dilapidation and decay is the prevailing note. Scattered all about the vicinity are commission firms, machine shops, tire stores, dingy soft drink parlors, and third rate hotels. From the commission firms and machine shops comes a din of noise mingled with a babble of foreign tongues. Around the tire stores are groups of swearing and sweating negroes and hunkies who work hard all day and then rush to the nearest "soft" drink parlor to play poker and carouse all night. In front of the hotels, loafers lounge around and stare belligerently at any stranger who ventures to pass along the street. The business buildings are usually in a worse state of repair than the houses. The windows are always greasy, and frequently cracked or broken. When they are broken they are stuffed with anything which is handy, and remain unrepaired. Posters advertising boxing matches and burlesque shows are prominently displayed in the doors. A railroad switching yards adds to the dirt, noise, and gloom of the neighborhood. Smoke hangs over the streets and buildings like a fog, and even on the brightest summer day there is a dark murkiness about everything which would depress the most hardened spirit.

"Pretty soon we reached La Grange Street, and stopped in front of one of those old brick houses which must have been in style about the time Benjamin Harrison was the leading citizen in Indianapolis. For some unaccountable reason that house struck me as a very unusual one. I don't know exactly why, because I've seen a good many that looked about the same, but this particular house had a peculiar personality which individualized it. It was what my aunt used to cal 'pretentious'. It seemed to be a sort of monument to grandeur which had fallen into obscurity. The bricks were a grimy brown, the window frames needed paint, and the wooden porch sagged crazily against the front of the house, like a drunken sailor clinging to the companionway. The house sat in the center of a big lawn just as if it were trying to remain aloof from all its neighbors. The lawn was scraggly and poorly attended, but it did seem superior to its surroundings. To the north of the yard was a small brick building which had been converted into a pool room, and about the only thing in its favor was

that all the toughs who were lounging about, beat it when we stopped. An iron fence separated the yard from the one-story, frame house on the south. It was a combination residence and fruit store, and a fat Italian woman stood in the door looking at us like she had never seen an automobile before. She was the only person who was visible, because as soon as the police car stopped everybody vanished as completely as a gang of boys when they have been caught throwing snowballs.

"By this time Jim was getting disgusted, I guess, anyway he said, 'Say Rafferty, what the hell did the Captain send your emergency squad out here for. This job is about the right speed for a retired district man, unless I've gone batty. Won't the boys on the *News* give us the laugh though. Two full-grown reporters riding all over town to cover the pinch of a couple of prostitutes. The paper won't even use the stuff.' Rafferty always liked to kid Jim, but he knew Jim was really getting sore, and the one thing a policeman doesn't want is to get the reporters down on him, so he told Jim to just keep his mouth shut, and his eyes open, and he might see something worth while. 'I don't want to see something worth while; I want to see something that's got news value,' said Jim. But Rafferty was already getting out of the car, and we followed him.

"He sent a couple of the dicks around to watch the back, and took Jim and me up to the front door with him. Believe me, I was curious. I couldn't figure out what all the excitement was about. I tried to look in the windows, but they were covered by some kind of heavy drapes, and I couldn't see a thing. In the meanwhile, Rafferty was ringing the doorbell. Nobody answered it, and not a sound came from inside. It seemed like we stood there five minutes while Rafferty rang the bell. Finally he got sore and yelled, 'If you won't open that door I'll break the damn thing down.'

"Pretty soon a feminine voice inquired: 'What is it you wish?' Jim and I were both struck at the same time. No, not by bullets, my dear, but by something nearly as bad. It was that voice. I've never in all my life heard a voice so alluring, so captivating, so perfectly enrapturing. I know you think I'm exaggerating but I'm not. A person couldn't exaggerate the delicate richness of that voice. It had only spoken one sentence, but that was enough to cause you to want to hear as much more of it as you could. It was one of those voices you just want to hear, even if

you have to trail around after the person who possessses it. I wish somebody would write a feature article sometime on 'Voices and the Fall of Empires,' or some such thing as that because I'll bet you there are just plenty of people who have changed the whole course of history when they didn't posesss any other quality except a rich voice. It was positively haunting to hear such a perfectly modulated voice in such a rotten neighborhood.

"Rafferty didn't seem to be phased much, maybe it's because he's a little deaf, but he did pause long enough to reassure himself that he had the correct street number, and then he yelled, 'I'm the law—open the door!' the same enchanting voice asked, 'Do you have a search warrant?' 'You bet I have, sister,' replied Rafferty, 'and you'd better get goin' on that door before—', but just then she opened it a little way, and said: 'Will you be good enough to read the warrant.' That kind of took Rafferty back for a moment because most people don't have sense enough to know that you've got to read the warrant to them. But he read it, and when he had finished the woman opened the door wide, stepped aside, and the three of us walked in.

"The light was dim in the hall, and it took me a few minutes to get my eyes adjusted. All I could see was a rather tall girl standing in front of us. She was dressed in a tight fitting outfit which looked like cream colored velvet, and it seemed to me that her architectural lines were good. Her black hair was bobbed in a style similar to that of Norma Shearer, and her face seemed to me to be very thin—the cheek bones were too prominent. Rafferty glanced at her a second, and asked, 'Are you Sarah Reed?' 'I am,' she replied, 'and I shall be pleased if you will do whatever you came here to do as rapidly as possible.' 'Get off the high horse, girlie, get off the high horse,' said Rafferty, 'how's business anyway?' The girl just stood there with her black luminous eyes glaring scornfully at Rafferty, and he laughed a little and said, 'Well, I guess she aint' gonna cooperate any with us so we'll have to search the house. I suppose everything is perfectly respectable now—we have been so damn long gettin' in here, but we'll look around and see what we can find. One thing is sure—nobody got out of this house after we pulled up in front. We'll just see who is here. You fellows go in the front room where you can keep an eye on the door, and all the windows in this part of the house and I'll take a little tour of the upstairs. The boys posted

in back will look after that part of the house, but don't you let anybody out the front.' Rafferty went upstairs, and Sarah Reed, Jim, and I made a regular little parade into the front room.

"That front room! I've never in my life seen anything like it. It was like one of those model rooms at an art institute. Beautiful beyond description, and just full of curios from all over the world. The walls were all panelled with some dark wood like a seventeenth century English manor house. At the far side of the room was a big open fireplace, and on the mantel above the grate there was a collection of glassware, peculiar looking tumblers, odd-shaped pitchers, and curious looking vases all of them in various shades of blue, red, and green. On the wall opposite the grate was an oil painting by Corot. It was a peaceful rural scene, and you could most taste the fresh air, and feel the cleanly lives of the simple folks depicted on the canvas. There was a rich Oriental rug on the floor, and a large ebony table in the center of the room that must have been worth a fortune. On top of the table was a Venetian lamp of such rich workmanship that Cellini himself would have been proud of it. Exquisite articles of vertu were scattered all about the room —an old Dutch clock, a little teakwood chest, several small Chinese tapestries, and I don't remember half the things. Jim's voice brought me back to earth. He was saying, 'You have a beautiful room here, and everything in perfect taste, too.' This was greeted by silence on Sarah Reed's part, but I thought I noticed a slight unbending in her frigidity. Jim knows how to handle people. I've seen him break down the resistance of a lot of hard-shells in no time, and he really went to work on Sarah Reed. She must have a story back of all this, and I could tell by the way he went to work that he proposed to get it. After he had gone around the room, and demonstrated a discriminating appreciation, he turned toward the next room, and said, 'I see you have a library in the next room. I'm very much interested in books—may I step in and take a look them?' Her response was a trifle bitter, 'You have a search warrant. I suppose you can admire anything you want to with that to back you up.' Jim looked sharply at her, and said, 'See here, I'm not a police officer. I'm not interested in the quarrel they have with you. I came out here quite by accident—wouldn't have come at all if I'd known the nature of the case, and

then I run onto a mysterious and fascinating person like yourself who is surrounded by luxury and beauty in the midst of a vile neighborhood like this. No, I'm not interested in all of this from a professional standpoint—my paper wouldn't use it, but I am interested from a personal standpoint—my curiosity is aroused.'

"Jim is a handsome duck, you know. I could see that Sarah Reed was not unaware of this, nor was she unmoved by his calm courtesy, and simple sincerity. Of course, she was under a nervous strain with the police there, and I suppose meeting a man who showed her any consideration was a novelty in her life. At any rate, the way she continually clasped and unclasped her hands indicated something—I couldn't tell just what, 'Of course,' she said to him after a long pause, 'You may look at my library, Mr.——,' 'Hooker,' said Jim as he displayed a genial smile. 'You know,' she said as she followed him into the library, 'it's really a pleasure to find some one who is interested in my books. I see so few people who are.' I couldn't understand whether she was working on his sympathy, or if she really appreciated his apparent interest in her affairs. Nor could I understand whether Jim was just trying to get her story, or whether he was really captivated by her.

"From where I was standing I could see a whole set of Balzac and a set of De Maupasant, and I could hear them commenting on De Maupassant, Flaubert, Poe, Moliere, and Thomas Hardy. Then their conversation become too low for me to hear, and the only distinct passage I got was when Jim said, 'Of course I'll help you. I'm glad I came out here, and I'm glad you had confidence enough in me to tell me about it.'

"Just then I looked up and saw Rafferty coming down stairs with four prisoners. There were two cheap looking girls that one would have known for street walkers anywhere, and a couple of men who looked like they probably worked at one of the numerous shops in the vicinity. One of the girls was a faded blonde, with thin bobbed hair, and a face that was overpainted. Her skinny body was partially covered by a flimsy blue dress which was almost transparent, and which had required very little material to make. She apparently wore nothing under the dress, and she had no stockings on. There was a large bow of the same material as her dress tied around each ankle, and beneath that a pair of sox which protected her

feet from the slippers which she was wearing. They were high-heeled, silver grey, and as faded as their owner. She looked weak, and she alternated between coughing and smoking a cigarette as she came downstairs. The other girl was red haired, rather heavy, and had aggressive manners. Except for the fact that her dress was green, and that she had a wrist watch, her attire was the same as that of the first girl. The two men were nervous. One of them was small and wiry, about forty-five years old, and needed a shave. He said he worked in a foundry. The other one was a big, dull-looking, Swedish mechanic. As soon as they all got downstairs Rafferty called the other boys in. 'Any dope, Lieutenant?' asked one of them. 'Naw, not much,' answered Rafferty, 'said they was havin' a card game; they was when I got there.' One of the two dicks turned on them and yelled, 'What was you playin'?' The red-haired girl snapped 'poker' and the old man, at the same time, cried out, 'rum.' Rafferty called for the patrol wagon, and the old man whimpered, 'What you takin' me down for?'

'Oh, just to give you some fresh air, and a chance to see the city,' laughed Rafferty. 'Tom here'll pay your fine, won't you, Tom?' I didn't feel in the mood to joke. I couldn't reconcile myself to the realization that Sarah Reed, who was certainly a lovely girl, really ran this house. She and Jim had just come into the hall, and she looked actually sweet! She seemed happier, too, like a person does who has just unburdened himself of a big worry. Jim looked solemn, and was preoccupied, and frowning.

"When we got back to the press room Jim said to me, 'That girl's had a tough life Tom. Her family used to be rich, and years ago they lived in that house when it was in a fashionable neighborhood. Her father was in the show business, and she traveled all over the world with him. Her mother died when she was born, and she and her father were pals. When she was about twelve years old her father refused to let her go with him any more and sent her to a girl's school in France. From then on until she was twenty-two she lived in girl's schools, her father visiting her frequently and her adoration of him increasing yearly. Then, suddenly, she received a message from Mexico City to come there quickly. She went and found her father very ill. However, she nursed him back to health, and they started on a trip around the world. During the old man's illness he had developed a

love for dope, and before they got back from their trip around the world the poor girl found that she had a dope fiend on her hands. His whole character changed—he beat her, he squandered money, and gambled like an insane man. In the course of time her father became a helpless invalid, and all her money was gone. Her spirit was broken, but she would not appeal to friends. They still had the old family property on La Grange Street in Indianapolis, and she brought her father here. They hadn't lived in the place for years, and she was horrified at the change in the neighborhood, but her father didn't seem to notice any difference. She wanted to sell the paintings, and the curios the family had collected, but the old man wouldn't let her. It seemed the worse he got, and the more unreasonable, the more she loved him. She wouldn't do anything to hurt him. It was at this stage of the game that a man presented himself at the door one day, and told her he knew all about her, and her affairs. He threatened to expose her father's violation of the narcotic laws, and when she begged him not to, he offered to compromise with her. He said that he was in a position to make both of them plenty of money. She asked how, and he told her he was a police commissioner, and that a protected house of prostitution in that neighborhood would be a gold mine. He offered to furnish the girls, and the police protection, and all she had to do was to keep the place orderly. He would take two-thirds of the profits, and she could have the remaining third. Well, to make a long story short, she accepted the proposal. That was about a year ago. Recently her father died, and ever since his death she has been trying to break away from the business, but the police commissioner has no desire to lose such a lucrative trade. When he discovered that she was trying to sell her house, and preparing to move, he had this raid arranged. She isn't sure that he is responsible for it, but I am. Tom, old man, you wait till I get through with that whelp, and I'll have his job. There's going to be a real political battle around this town.'

"Jim has a lot of friends, and no small amount of influence, but it required six months for him to get things lined up against the Commissioner. He finally proved the Commissioner guilty of graft and of accepting bribes, and through it all he kept Sarah Reed's name out of it. The Commissioner had enough to face without bringing her into the squabble, so he didn't expose her although

he knew Jim was a friend of hers, and he certainly hated Jim. The Commissioner finally was removed, and is serving a jail sentence right now."

At this point Tom's girl interrupted with: "What happened to the girl? I'm jealous of her, for I believe you're half in love with her, Tom Hayes!"

"Nonsense dear," replied Tom. "I love only you. But let me tell you who is in love with her. Nobody but Jim Hooker. He has wanted to marry her for nearly six months, but she always said she must wait until her case had been decided in court, she wouldn't marry him if she were convicted. Jim was, of course, anxious to have her cleared so they could be married, but he had the case continued three times because he was afraid of the result. Only after he'd broken the Commissioner's power was he willing to let the trial come up."

"Was she cleared?" Tom's girl asked.

"Can't tell, dear," he replied, "trial's on now, but the judge understands all about it, and unless there's some mistake, everything will be all right because Judge Baker is a real decent sort."

At that moment a telegram arrived which read:

"Were married by Judge Baker.

Jim and Sarah."

Quest

I lift mine eyes
Unto the hills
And try to see,
Beyond the barren of
Predigested creeds and
Preconceived notions,
The greater Truth—
That organization
Is the death
Of individualism;
That marriage
Is the refuge of
The social coward,
That the party
Is the asylum of
The political coward,
That the corporation
Is the haven of
The economic coward,
That the university
Is the retreat of
The intellectual coward,
That the law
Is the shelter of
The moral coward,
That the church
Is the sanctuary of
The spiritual coward.
Sic transit gloria mundi!

Refiner's Fire

The spirit of man
Is tempered in
The flame of
Betrayal, debt,
Hate, loss,
Jealousy, prejudice,
Disease and death.

The dross,
Inert slag
Is drained off,
The character
Is filtered out,
And stands forth,
Triumphant!

Conformity

Martin Luther urged
That every man
Be his own priest.

Why cannot
Every man be
His own philosopher?

It is simply
That we lack
The courage.

Anatole France makes
His character Violante
Say, rather hopelessly:

"I have not the hardihood
To do otherwise than
The rest of the world."

Bull(y) for Old Purdue!

When one sees
Some of the
Childish, unintelligent,
Downright ignorant
Horseplay that goes on
Around the campus,
He is convinced that
The dream of John Purdue
Has been realized—
"That this institution
Shall become one of
The best *high schools*
In the state."

(With apologies to the high schools.)

Proposition

For years we have been
Fond of calling this
"Christian civilization."
But church attendance
Is falling off,
Church support
Is declining,
Indifference to
Over-organized religion
Is settling down upon
The world like a cloud.
Yet civilization goes on
At an accelerated pace.
Egyptian, Oriental,
Greek and Roman cultures
Reached their peaks
Without Christianity.
Does this not suggest
A reconsideration,
A revaluation?

Dave Burton

Many a day, times ago,
Dave drove home at noon,
Unhitched his black team
From the dray, curried them,
Put on the black fly nets,
Shaved his face, donned
His black suit and hat,
Polished his spectacles,
And solemnly drove the hearse
For an afternoon funeral.
We all wondered when
Dave's turn would come.
Many simple folk felt
That Dave was taking a chance—
That Death might be contagious!

Eureka College Pageant
June 9, 1930

Beauty—
Sheer enough
To cause a
Catch in the
Breath of a poet,

Imagery—
Exquisite enough
To cause a
Break in the
Voice of a painter,

Grandeur—
Magnificent enough
To cause a
Mist before the
Eyes of a sculptor,

"—in the stilly night."

Lines

The other night I
Saw "Chick" Jackson
Demonstrate some
Of his cartooning.
He explained that
Effectiveness in
Pictures depends,
Not upon the
Number or the
Size, but upon
The arrangement
Of the lines.
After reading
Glenway Wescott's
"The Grandmothers"
I am convinced
That that is
Peculiarly true
Also of words.

Genesis

There are many
So-called "origins"
Of the cultural
Development of mankind.

There are several
"Backgrounds" to
The aesthetic evolution
Of the race.

Oriental, Egyptian,
Assyrian, Iranian,
Latin, Teutonic,
Slavic, Celtic—

But Shelley
Has said,
Quite aptly:
We are all Greeks!

Culture, 1930 Model

One of my Senior students
Told me that she thought
The study of History had
Especial value culturally.
For example, it taught her
To distinguish pictures
Produced by Titian,
Van Dyke, Rembrandt, Durer,
From those of Warner,
Goldwyn, Ince and Fox.

Ye Gods!

The Morning Paper

Speculation is one of my hobbies. Not the speculation which consists of buying land, goods, and shares of stock at one price with the hope of selling them at a higher price. That kind of speculation requires a natural love of exaggerated excitement, a superabundance of egotism and a carefree optimism which seem to be beyond my grasp. Those qualities have their uses and in many instances are an actual benefit to society. Especially is this true of that particular type of egotism which breeds conquerors —it is the spirit which says, "Why *I* can't lose. The gods will look after *me*." It may be a childish and an immature viewpoint, but it is a viewpoint which leads men to gigantic risks and which occasionally favors them with gigantic successes. I have to plead guilty to enjoying a type of speculation which may appear to the superficial observer as a far less inviting kind of speculation, but which is in reality infinitely more intriguing. That speculation which I enjoy is the intellectual examination of various things in ther differing relationships. One who is given to such speculation gathers in his dividends unobserved, and acquires his riches without the comments of his fellowmen. He probably loses something from the indifference with which bankers and local celebrities treat him, but he doesn't lose anything from the onslaughts of the bears and from the sudden raising of the discount rates. His appetite is as good on "black Friday" as it is on "scurrying Saturday."

It is in such a spirit of speculation, then, that I turn this problem over in my mind—"Where would we be today without the morning paper?" I dare say you, gentle friend, have never fully grasped the fact that the morning paper is one of the chief bulwarks of our civilization. We have been told by those suave, self-appointed sociologists who would fain interpret America for us that our world preeminence is due to the Monroe Doctrine, the Protective Tariff, Prohibition, the five-cent cigar, the little red school house, the corner grocery, and Charon alone knows what else. Of course, they overlook a few small details such as our tremendous territorial extent, our abundant natural resources, and our favorable climate. As I say, these are mere details, but think of the audacity of these glib ones in overlooking that paragon of civilization —the morning paper!

If, by chance, you belong to that great army of people who live in a metropolitan area and daily commute to your work, you will grasp at once the essential soundness of my position. Those millions of beings who make possible Industrial America would never have time to keep in touch with the events of the day were it not for the morning paper. If you have ever been on one of those eight o'clock suburban trains which rush daily into our great cities you will have been struck by the fact that every one on the whole train is reading the morning paper as though it contained his own life story. A minute inspection might reveal that ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths per cent of the readers were reading only the comic strips, but what of that? The comic strip diminishes the boredom of the daily trip to the office. It lessens the possibilities of flirtations on the morning trains, it stimulates employment through increased sale of the paper, and above all, it gives the commuters a common background for bantering after they have reached their respective places of employment. The most successful puns and jests of the day are based on the popular comic strips. How many witticisms, jokes and allusions would be meaningless if one were unfamiliar with the comics!

Untold thousands of reputations are saved yearly by the morning paper. Upon their arrival at the office, Sadie and Nellie, the stenographers, are not destroying the character of anybody until they have disposed of their morning discussion regarding the antics of Jett and Muff. And every second gained on those two girls means the saving of at least one reputation. Multiply that by the millions of Sadies and Nellies in this country and the result is a staggering gain for the honor of America. Not only are reputations saved, but lives are prolonged, and happiness increased by the morning comic strips. Oswald, the office boy, and the new clerk can avoid quarreling until the boss arrives if they can confine their conversation to Noon Nullins or Higgs. Dangerous bodily secretions produced by anger are thus checked and their lives actually prolonged. And what a forlorn creature would Mrs. Darling, the librarian, be if it should come to pass that her day couldn't be started right by Pandy Gum's family affairs! She, poor widow, would have so little to think about.

The contribution of the cartoon to our present exalted state of civilization is another phase of the morning newspaper which has not been properly acclaimed by our fickle

public. For, without the cartoon, how would Mr. Barber, or Mr. Shoe Merchant know what to think of the League of Nations? Mrs. Average Housewife and Mr. Clothing Salesman have the problem of voting right regarding the World Court and the London Treaty reduced to simplicity by the cartoonist in the morning paper. See how the wand of wisdom is thus waved to dissipate the ignorance of the masses on these technical problems! A few strokes of the pencil, and all is well. It must be so for the cartoon in yesterday's paper had insured the reelection of Senator Blowhard who will continue to represent the Sucker state as gloriously in the future as he has in the past. Truly, we should hastily construct a durable monument for these expert cartoonists who disentangle involved problems of foreign affairs, complicated international financial matters, and mooted Supreme Court decisions so that even John Grabem, the insurance salesman on the corner, feels himself duly constituted as an authority to discuss these problems at length whenever and wherever they arise.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Duffer would long since have crashed at the breakfast table if the morning paper habit had not intervened among the American people at just the right time to save breakfast, table, and home. Mr. Duffer now snorts at the financial page instead of at the coffee, and he doesn't even notice that Jack Jr. is three minutes late in arriving for his cereal. Mrs. Duffer can now sigh in peace until the lord and master has driven off in his new car, and then she hastens to attack the latest scandal with accumulated avidity.

Professor Knowlittle would be at a loss for a few interesting current topics with which to begin his class in ancient history if he didn't rush to the door before brushing his teeth in order to get at the paper before Mrs. Knowlittle could get it. Mrs. Knowlittle always likes to keep up with the latest squibs on the society page, and to see the pictures of the Chesterfields, the Van Fenters, and the Schulssburgs—one never knows when one may be in a position where one is expected to know all these people intimately.

Mrs. Obese, wife of the wealthy coal operator J. J. Obese, cannot conceive of a period when the morning paper wasn't one of her chief daily concerns. Of course, Mrs. Obese was born on a farm in southern Indiana where a morning paper had never been heard of; the only paper connected with her youth was the county weekly which

she certainly couldn't be accused of ever having read. But then, that is past history. At present Mrs. Obese reads the book reviews, and all about the new ten million dollar opera house. Mrs. Obese finds it quite in keeping with her position to be one of the patrons of the opera—since it is important enough to be housed in a ten million dollar building. The most expensive books mentioned in the reviews are scarcely good enough for her library; and, thanks to these very reviews she knows just what to say about all the latest literature.

One of the joys of the public in these degenerate days is to sneer at politics. Mrs. Grundy likes to scoff at Mr. Grundy. What a joy it is for the "statesmen" of Bucyrus to gather at the filling station, and comment on the dull duplicity of Congress! And where, let me ask, would the filling station philosophers and the Mesdames Grundys go for their information if not to the morning paper? The latest political chicanery can be obtained in all its glowing details for a mere twopence in even the most humble country journal. That great diversion of the public—politician baiting—would indeed, be a tame sport, without the dear old *Morning Snort*. But what of the politicians themselves? Good or bad as they may be—what wouldn't they be if they didn't have that haunting fear of, "what will the morning paper say?"

My good friend, John Kendal, is an actor. I happened to think of John just now because he is always annoying me with comparisons between politicians and actors. He insists that actors aren't so successful as politicians at humbugging the public because an actor will allow his infernal temperament to interfere with his cold judgment while politicians aren't bothered with temperament. I hate to take issue with John, but it seems to me that temperament bothers them both very little. The real nerve center of your stage star is located in the vicinity of the morning paper. Could any politician possibly be more sensitive of what the morning papers will have to say than your stage-player is? Heaven forbid! An actor would be giving many a mediocre performance to his public if he didn't have his weather eye fastened on the gentleman of the press who is seated in the orchestra circle. That quiet looking dramatic critic holds yon actor's future fame and glory in the hollow of his hand. Friend actor will be stimulated into doing his termperamental best by the knowledge that he is being appreciated—and criticized, by a very atten-

tive representative of his majesty, the press. The beneficiaries are you, I, and the rest of the public who are being treated to a truly brilliant performance, but I wonder if any of us ever think of thanking that humble critic from the daily paper?

Perhaps enough has already been said to illustrate my original point that the morning paper is, after all, the real keystone of our age. Perhaps not. Well then, at the risk of boring you, let me suggest a few more examples for your consideration. (Doesn't that sound just like the orator of the day after the first two hours of his speech? I've just come from Memorial Day exercises, you know.) But to continue. Where would Betty, the beautiful bride (brides are always beautiful), know how to find the bargain counters without the advertisements? How would the college boys put in their time without the sporting page? Could the gangster keep track of his successes without the front-page headline? Would moving picture stars continue to live without the photogravure section? Then there comes that pathetic figure who is seated on a park bench, doesn't a cast-off morning paper frequently start him to a new job, and a better day?

St. Jesus of Nazareth

My friend Leedy
Is a broker.
He is likewise an
Admirer of Jesus.

He ranks Him
Along with
Confucius, Socrates,
Spinoza, Francis.

Thinks He should
Have been beatified
And canonized,
But not deified.

Looks upon Him as
A great teacher,
A great philosopher,
A great personality.

But he refuses
To elevate him
To the peerage
Of the Trinity.

What did Ben Jonson
Say about Every Man?

January

The rain descended,
The floods came,
And froze in the sun.
Snow and sleet,
Mist and frost
Came and froze, too.
So we lived for days
In a world of
Scintillating splendor,
Crystalline magnificence.
I wished to describe it,
But simply could
Not do it justice.
As Benet says—
"Even from the first
The words went wrong."

Confusion

"The game is tangled;
Where are we now?"*

Rationalism, Naturalism,
Phenomenalism, Idealism,
Positivism, Romanticism,
Pragmatism, Realism . . . .

Yes, the game is tangled,
And the question is
Not only where are
We now, but where
Have we been, and
Where are we going?

*First Voice, Epilogue,
Spoon River Anthology.

Mockery

The incessant incantations
Of canons and theologues
Pale into ridiculously
Insipid insignificance
Against the piteous plea
Of the faggot-tortured Joan:
"Oh, blessed Jesus!"

Think on These Things

—St. Paul

And now they say that
Time is non-directional,
Flowing, not merly from
Past to future, but also
From future to past.

That Causality is
Also non-directional,
And runs both from
Cause to effect and
From effect to cause.

That existence, presumably,
Is also non-directional,
A reciprocating process,
From birth to death
And death to birth.

Past, present, future,
Birth, life, death,
Assumption and conclusion,
Cause and effect are
Indissociable, indistinguishable.

As are also, conceivably,
Body, mind and soul,
God, Son and Holy Ghost.
All is Unity and Symmetry,
Rather than trinity.

E Pluribus Unum!

"The Play's the Thing"

My friend, Chas. R. Naber,
Once wrote about a
Dozen poems sketching
Characters around his
Old home town.

Some one since asked
Him why he did not
Continue the series—
Had he exhausted
The local field?

He asked, "what is
Now the population
Of the village?"
The answer was,
"Two thousand."

"Then," said he, "there
Are just two thousand
Such poems there."
The world . . . the stage,
Men . . . women . . . players!

To Myrna Loy, Voluptuary

She typifies
All that is
Exotic, weird,
A luscious, languid,
Yet imperious grace.
Sensuous sinuosity,
Sinuous sensuality.
A calm, tamed,
Patrician hauteur,
Yet explosive!
Her lithe steps
Lure like the
Swaying, writhing
Of a viper.
Her voice is
Poised and poignant
As blued steel.
Indisputably the
Quintessence of
The silver art.

Assurance

God must have
Had in mind—
Children, dogs,
Marigolds and
Purple asters,
Companions, stars,
Memories, mountains,
Vespers, sonnets,
Sunsets, symphonies,
When He said:
"By these things
Men *live*!"

Apples

I remember that
In my boyhood village
There were five or six
Familiar cripples
About the streets—
Ben Moore, Fred Holliger,
Ben Radford jr., Sam Norton,
Ida Campbell, Bert Norton.

I used to wonder
About them, and regard
Them with peculiar awe.
Why does the Creator
Include some blighted
Fruit in the bottom of
The basket of humanity?
Is it "Compensation"?

Reaction

The older generation
Used to have a saying
That it takes poison
To kill poison.
The younger generation
Has transposed that
Legend to another key:
You can counteract
Immorality with immorality.

Medley

Women have mastered the art of shopping. No woman is ever completely happy unless she has access to a few large stores where she may roam at will. Furthermore, no woman is ever completely unhappy who has the opportunity to go upon at least one shopping excursion a week. If all the happy hours of shopping spent by all the women of the world during all past time were added together and placed in a great triangle that triangle would be exactly 3.1416 times as great as a triangle composed of all the joyous hours spent by all the men in the world in past time discussing that evanescent condition known as "the political situation." Most of our present jargon about suppressed desires, wish fulfillment, repression, sublimation, complexes, companionate marriage, and inverts would fade into the obsolesence of affinities, soul-mates, lived-happily-ever-after, busts, bangs, and corsets if woman's full shopping needs were only recognized and gratified.

Mere man has never caught a glimpse of the great exultation which may come from a successful shopping expedition. The poor, dear, masculine creatures must content themselves with the construction of intricate philosophies, death-dealing cannons, and awkward birds which fall through the air. Of course, some men do achieve a certain superficial proficiency in the art of shopping. But the proficiency of man is usually in a diluted form, and then it is only in a few limited fields. Man never arrives at that state of perfection which is so characteristic of the aggressive sex. Just turn a woman loose in any crowd in any store, and she revels in the atmosphere as a turtle does in Indiana mud. It is only on those rare occasions when the American male sallies forth to procure a neck-tie that he even approaches the level set by the female of his species as a shopper extraordinary and plenipotentiary. The Englishman is infrequently exhilirated by an expedition in quest of a new pipe, and the sons of France reach the elysian fields only when they set forth to obtain a new cane. Even in these egregious cases man can't qualify as a true shopper because in the back of his mind lurks the desire to make an actual purchase. Aye, verily, shopping for shopping's sake is an attribute of that sex which inspired such a delightful essay from one Arthur Schopenhauer.

If one were inclined to expand indefinitely on the sub-

ject of shopping it might well be done, but it would be unfair to feminine readers. For them, there is nothing new to be said. There is, however, one phase of shopping which they have not conquered. It is a branch of shopping in which women are, for the most part, amateurs. I speak of the genteel art of browsing in book stores.

Your true book lover develops this art until it becomes a sin far worse than shopping. His whole life is blighted by the horrible habit of browsing, and statistics show that it has ruined more promising careers than golf, billiards, poker and ping-pong combined. Before it is too late let me make confession in open court that I am addicted to that vile pastime—I am a book-browser. Perhaps that will be a mitigating circumstance when I relate that I was wandering aimlessly about in a department store in Indianapolis during the worst of the Christmas shopping rush. Permit me to explain that I was not rambling for the purpose of purchasing a present. Forsooth, I really entered in quest of the book department. In time I located my destination, and was forthwith confronted by one of those austere ladies who perform the function of book-store floor walkers in all department stores of size and pretension. She was a contemporary interpretation of the way an exaggerated Carrie Nation ought to look. Cold, colorless, and challenging she stood directly in my path. She wanted to know the nature of the book I desired. With outward calm, but with an unbelievable degree of inward turmoil I explained to the formidable person that I was there without designs on any particular book, had entered without ulterior purpose, and that my only motive was, in fact, to browse. The freedom of the store was mine. It must have been so because the lady indicated as much with a wave of the hand as she turned to confound a newcomer.

In a short time I was lost in a maze of travel books, new tracts on morality, and weighty tomes on mortality. To the right and left were books on biography and biology, ethics and esthetics, crowns and crooks; it was a veritable heaven-on-earth for a book-browser. My fears were quite gone, for I am what might be characterized as an accomplished browser in book stores. That is, once I have succeeded in getting past the manager (or floor-walker) it is easy for me to overcome the other employees. I have mastered the art of appearing perfectly nonchalant under the scrutiny of the piercing eyes of the older clerks. And

to the zestful young apprentice who is anxious to be of assistance with his inane suggestions I can always resort to that air of haughty unapproachability. This technique of outwitting the professional assistant I developed only after years of determined effort. When the danger of apprehension looms I now find it quite easy to appear as purposeful and unobtrusive as does the gentle lamb cropping daintily at his clover. During my career as a book browser this method of procedure has enabled me to read more than thirty books in the stores of the middle west.

The uninitiated will wonder why a master book browser was so unethical as to seize upon the Christmas shopping season for one of his forays into the land of the enemy. The initiated will know, of course, that the members of our organization are guided solely by whim. It is as though we are being commanded by an unseen power. For the sake of the Ku Klux it might be well to mention that this unseen power is not the Grand Cyclops —it is probably only caprice. Let me refer those who are interested in speculating on my behavior to the psychologist. Or better still, to the economists—they will probably arrive at the same conclusion. The point is that I was safely at my destination, and was inwardly ready to do a little discreet rejoicing.

The thing which prohibited me from gloating was the infernal milling of the crowd. Even the most hardened browser can be annoyed when he is being subjected to constant buffeting by an unmerciful crowd of Christmas shoppers. Did you ever analyze the individuals who make up the crowd in a book store? There is a different flavor about the particular kind of a group which collects in a book store than there is about the ordinary crowd. In the first place, a book store gathering may be divided into two parts. There are the real lovers of books who know why they are there, and in a general way know what they want. Then, there are those sweet old ladies and heavy jowled gentlemen who are there to "buy a book for my nephew John—he reads all kinds of books—he is thirteen and very old for his years. Yes, something to which his mother wouldn't object, you know." In the second place, the crowd in a book store never has that harassed look which is so characteristic of a crowd at, say, a necktie sale. I have often wondered why this was true, but I could never arrive at any conclusion unless it would be that somehow people are able to get a detached view about

books which they can never bring themselves to get about neck-ties. Yes, that must be it—the objective viewpoint about books, but to get an objective viewpoint about neck-ties! Why, why, that's palpably absurd! My interest in the crowd had taken my mind far away from books when something, it may have been the sinister forces liberated at the opening of King Tut's tomb, directed my gaze to a sign directly in front of me which read USEFUL BOOKS.

Ah, Ha-a! thought I, at last the scoffers are put to rout. Writing is vindicated. All is not in vain. There are actually useful books! True enough the useful book shelf is small—it occupies only a small portion of this book store which in turn is wedged into an obscure corner of a great department store, but the vital fact is—useful books do actually exist. It is publicly admitted—nay, publicly proclaimed that such is the case. My eyes were dilated, my pulse rapid, my brow fevered, and my heart beat 120 steps to the minute when I realized that I was actually in the presence of *useful books*. Like a madman I rushed forward to examine the precious articles of merchandise.

Eureka, El Dorado, and at last! I have found that incomparable jewel, a useful book. Lest society be deprived of my knowledge let me hasten to proclaim to all the world the titles of these objects of my veneration. They should be written in letters of red, and preserved for posterity. In order that I may not be accused of favoritism permit me to say that the order of arranging the list of books is in no sense an indication of my estimation of their value. The titles are recorded in exactly the same order in which they were placed upon the shelf. The first one is *Contract Bridge,* a book which has been printed in black printer's ink. The ink was placed on white paper, and the printing job was well done. The paper is of reasonably good quality. The second book, *Temptation and Right Living*, is bound in a red leather cover and is two inches thick, relatively speaking. The noble senator from Utah, Reed Smoot, has not as yet placed this book in the same category with *Lady Chaterlee's Lover.* The Freudians will be pleased to know that *The Settlement Cook Book* is the way to a man's heart. The book says so itself, and one hundred and six people out of every two hundred in the world will agree. Women place such confidence in the spirituality of their toys! *The Prospective Mother*

takes up her position between *Flower Growing* and the *Book of Bulbs*. Caesar's Ghost! Shades of Sir Walter Raleigh, George Washington, Oscar Wilde, Louis XIV, "Bugs" Moran, Petronius, and Joseph Andrews what have we here! A book of Etiquette! Ladies and gentlemen, let me tell you that this book is beautifully illustrated, has thirty-one diagrams, and contains 1,554 concrete examples. *Astrology* defiantly glares forth from a place of honor next to *Conversation for Gentlefolk*. Mrs. Gann has not, up to date, protested the position of honor held by *Astrology*. *Caveat Emptor*.

Primitive Tragedy

When the great chief
Of the Ouiatenon Indians
Ceded his tribal lands
To the white men
He cried out in
Grievous remorse
That he was disgraced
By abandoning the
Sepulchres of his ancestors—
Much more concerned
About the welfare
Of generations past
Than for the destiny
Of those of the present
Or those of the future.

Beauty

Thank God for Beauty,
The saving grace of existence!
Worshippers at Her shrine
Are ever amazed, fascinated.
She is as versatile and canny
As Jean Christophe's stick—
"Upon the dull earth dwelling."

Janus

I can neither
Recall nor
Foresee in
Our community
Men of more
Sterling worth
Or real ability
Than these—
Lyon Karr,
Judge Patton,
Mark Harper,
Carl Johann,
Dr. Chas. F. Banta,
Richard Dickinson.

I remember that
As a youngster
I was taught to
Look up to them.
Time has not
Withered nor
Custom staled my
Regard for them.
Stalwarts, not
Geniuses, but
Marcus Antonius
Might well say of
Any one of them:
This was a Man!

Life!

Young men are curious,
Old men are reflective
About it. No one can
Be wholly indifferent.
How broad in the abstract,
How narrow in the concrete!
Inevitably fascinating,
Fascinatingly inevitable.
Is it a chapter,
Or is it the whole story?
Is it an act,
Or is it the entire play?
Whence? Whither? Why?
But whatever the direction,
We certainly are on our way!

Forecast

Did Isaiah prophesy
The modern, miraculous,
Industrial age?
Every valley shall
Be exalted by
Tracks, bridges and
Chimney stacks.
Every mountain and
Hill made low
By locks, grades,
And tunnels.
The crooked straight
By canals, cutoffs,
Eminent domain.
The rough places
Plain by cuts, fills,
Dams, dredges,
Dynamite and
Retaining walls.

. . . .

And all flesh shall
See it together!

Mare Clausum

The Lake
Is to Chicago
What the Nile
Was to Egypt,
What the Aegean
Was to Greece,
The Mediterranean
To Rome—
Escape,
Opportunity,
Vision,
Challenge!

Well, What of It?

New York's population is six million.
Albinism is a protoplasmic "accident".
$C_{12}\ H_{22}\ O_{11} + H_2O = 2C_6\ H_{12}\ O_6$.
A descriptive relative is preceded by a
Comma; a restrictive relative is not.
Charlemagne died in the year 814 A. D.
Man is the only animal with a religion.
$X^2Y - XY^2 - X + Y = 0$.
Annas was father-in-law to Caiaphas.
"Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cardes for kisses . . . ."
Neo-realists believe Cartesian dualism,
And its resulting subjectivism,
Have been reduced to absurdity.
"Poetry", Mathew Arnold used to say,
Is the "criticism of life".
Tell me the geography of a country,
And I will tell you its future.

. . . . . .

After all, what difference does it make?

Quandary

Why does one
Sometimes feel
That he is just
Missing life,
Like a ship
At sundown
Riding her anchor
In the roadstead,
Coming in contact
With a long-sought
Port only indirectly,
Through her barges?

Immortality?

My mother died when I
Was fifteen years old.
Her picture hangs over
The bed of my fifteen
Months old son.
Each evening he waves
A tiny hand to her,
Kisses her good-night.
His tender, innocent
Mysticism casts a
Softening shadow across
His father's skepticism—
Makes me wonder
If she does not yet
Live—somewhere!

God's Own Prayer

May I be
Reasonable, benign,
Consistent, exemplary,
Tolerant and just.

May I be
Worthy of the ageless
Succession of petitions
Coming up to me.

May I be,
As man supposes,
Synonymous
With love.

Out of respect
For my responsibility,
And adoration
For my son Jesus,

I desire these
Things and strive
Toward them.
I, too, must believe.

I must have
Faith in man,
Even as he
Has faith in me.
Amen.

"For this relief much thanks"

—FRANCISCO